

# "Let's top it off with a good smoke"

—Chesterfield

NOTHING touches the spot like a good smoke—and nothing can touch Chesterfields for genuinely "satisfying" body and flavor.

In Chesterfields the finest of silky, aromatic Turkish and rich, mellow Domestic tobaccos are blended to bring out a new and finer quality of flavor.

Now you know why Chesterfields "Satisfy!" And because this blend is exclusive and cannot be copied, only Chesterfields can "satisfy!"

Each package is wrapped in moisture-proof, glassine paper that keeps all of the original flavor intact.



# Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

*They Satisfy*

## Don't Let Insects Devour The Garden Crops

As food prices have increased so have the values of garden products increased. Every year insects pests destroy enough garden products to feed a large army. K. C. Sullivan of the University of Missouri College of Agriculture says that this loss can be prevented if the proper precautions are taken.

A great many garden pests such as squash bug, the calico bug, tarnish plant bug, striped cucumber beetle, twelve spotted cucumber beetle, several species of flea beetle and many others pass the winter as adults hidden away in the rubbish along the fence, under old cabbage leaves and similar places. There the first thing to do in starting the garden in the early spring is to clean up and burn all the accumulated rubbish in and near the garden. Garden insects multiply very rapidly and by destroying one insect now it may mean the prevention of hundreds later on. The cabbage worms winter in a little chrysalis or case attached to dead cabbage leaves so by burning the rubbish great numbers of this ravenous pests are also destroyed.

Another large group of garden pests pass the winter as larva or pupa in the soil. In this group may be included the white grubs or May beetles, cut worms, tobacco or tomato worms, wireworms and web worms. For this group it is best to plow or spade the garden in the fall so as to expose them to the weather, however, if the soil is turned in the early spring many of them will be unable to withstand the cold nights. Chickens running in the garden at the time of plowing or spading will make use of uncovered grubs to a great advantage. It is also wise to lay in a supply of spraying materials in the early spring and to see that the hand of knapsack sprayer is in good working order. Just as soon as the potatoes push through the ground some arsenate of lead or paris green will be needed for the Colorado potato beetle and a little later the cabbage worms and

cucumber beetles will need a dose of poison. For sucking insects like the squash bug and the little plant lice, some nicotine sulphate or kerosene emulsion will be needed. Many insects have the habit of appearing very suddenly so the garden should be carefully watched and just as soon as the insects begin to feed, the remedy should be applied. A short delay may result in the heavy damage of the crop.

For further information on garden pests write to the Department of Entomology, College of Agriculture, University of Missouri, Columbia.

### How is Your Complexion?

A woman should grow more beautiful as she grows older and she will with due regard to bath, diet and exercise, and by keeping her liver and bowels in good working order. If you are haggard and yellow, your eyes losing their lustre and whites becoming yellowish, your flesh flabby, it may be due to indigestion or to a sluggish liver. Chamberlain's Tablets correct these disorders.

Governor Gardner has appointed 134 delegates to represent Missouri at the eighth meeting of the national good roads association, to be held at Hot Springs, Ark., April 12 to 17.

## Strawberry Acreage

Strawberries of Missouri have not been increasing in commercial acreage since 1910, but those who have stuck to the game have succeeded.

In 1910 Missouri grew 6,667 acres of commercial strawberries, 4,150 acres in 1915, 6,800 in 1916, 6,500 in 1917, 6,840 in 1918, 4,450 in 1919, and the 1920 estimate is 4,800 acres.

This year in the United States there will be 65,500 acres of commercial strawberries as compared to 87,965 acres in 1910.

The era of paper money has arrived in England and leading bankers say that the old familiar coins are rapidly passing into oblivion never to be resurrected.

### Executor's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration, with will annexed upon the estate of John Hazel, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, by the Probate Court of Ste. Genevieve County, Missouri, bearing date the 18th day of March, 1920.

All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them to Genevieve Labryere, Executrix, for allowance within six months from the date of said letters or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and if said claims be not exhibited within one year from the date of the granting of letters on said estate they shall be forever barred.

GENEVIEVE LABRYERE, Executrix.

I hereby certify that there was granted letters of administration to Genevieve Labryere upon the estate of John Hazel, deceased, on the date above written.

FRANK J. HUCK, Judge of Probate and Ex-Officio Clerk of the Probate Court, Saturday, March 27, 1920.

## H. G. REHM'S Light Beverage Emporium

Wholesale Distributor for Ste. Genevieve Co.

FOR

Griesedeick Light Beverage, Draft and Bottles  
C. V. Beverage, Draft and Bottles  
C. V. Root Beer, Draft and Bottles  
Coco Cola, Concord Grape Soda, Orange  
Crush Soda, Lemon Crush Soda

All these drinks are

Refreshing, Healthful, Exhilarating  
and will satisfy the taste both in the house and at the bar

A Car Load Shipment of C. V. Root Beer  
Just Received

Phone No. 116 for any of the above Beverages and your order will receive prompt attention. Respectfully

H. G. REHM

Wholesale Distributer

Lunch Room in Connection

## THEY SWEEP CLEAN

Mr. Burkert Knows How To Make Brooms That Do Their Work Well.

Ste. Genevieve is fortunate in having a citizen like Mr. Evariste Burkert, of 238 North 3rd Street. He has lived here for over half a century and can tell many an interesting story of pioneer days. His has been a useful life in more ways than one—not the least of which is, that he furnishes the community with good brooms. He's also always ready to give his friends the benefit of his experiences. Many Ste. Genevieve folks should profit by what he tells of his use of Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mr. Burkert, says: "About four years ago my back was lame and sore bothering me quite a bit. My kidneys were disordered and I had to get up many times at night, the secretions being free and scanty. There was a heavy draggy feeling across my back that seemed to hold me down. A friend told me to try Doan's Kidney Pills and after using them it was no time before I felt better. Two boxes from Meyer's Drug Store cured me of the trouble. I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to anyone troubled with bad kidneys."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Burkert had. Foster-McMillan Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Best Time To Plant Corn

In telling his experience as to the best time to plant corn, W. D. McKee, farmer and special farm lecturer of the Missouri State Board of Agriculture, says that "While the specific act of successful corn growing is controlled by climatic condition, yet soil temperature is regulated by the advancement of the season, whether it be in northern Iowa or Alabama."

"The best time to plant corn is when the soil is sufficiently warm to bring it up in from six to ten days. This temperature will be found in different types of soil, at various dates. Timber soil warms up much earlier than prairie land. A southern slope will show a higher temperature earlier in the season than a northern hillside."

The ideal time to plant corn in the north half of Missouri in an average season is from May 10th to 15th. The south half should be planted two weeks earlier. In some spring seasons corn is profitably planted still earlier.

Early planted corn (as a rule) makes more bushels of sound merchantable corn—stronger in feeding value than when later planted. The early planted corn is not so liable to be impaired by the corn silk worm or to be frosted.

If the farmer has provided himself with well matured seed corn of large, well proportioned grains of high germinating power, he can plant earlier with greater promise of success than his less provident neighbor who has neglected to take this valuable precaution in preparing for the growing of a maximum corn crop.

## Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc.,

required by the act of congress of August 24, 1912, of the FAIR PLAY, published weekly at Ste. Genevieve, Missouri, for April 1, 1920, state of Missouri.

I, the undersigned, do hereby certify that the above is a true and correct statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the said publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 445, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the name and address of the publisher, editor, manager and business manager are:

Publisher, Jules J. Janis, Ste. Genevieve, Mo.  
Editor, Jules J. Janis, Ste. Genevieve, Mo.  
Managing Editor, LeClere Janis, Ste. Genevieve, Mo.

2. That the owner is Mrs. Mary A. Janis, Ste. Genevieve, Mo.

3. That the owner is a bondholder, mortgagee and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

None.

4. That the name and address of the publisher, editor, manager and business manager are:

Sworn and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1920.

(SEAL) EDWARD B. MORRIS, Notary Public.

(My commission expires October 23, 1921.)

6. That the name and address of the publisher, editor, manager and business manager are:

Sworn and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1920.

(SEAL) EDWARD B. MORRIS, Notary Public.

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7. That the name and address of the publisher, editor, manager and business manager are:

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(SEAL) EDWARD B. MORRIS, Notary Public.

(My commission expires October 23, 1921.)

## An April Fool's Paradise

By EDITH MORGAN WILLETT

(Copyright)

Mr. Bud Bennington was responsible for it. So, naturally, was the first of April—our ancient feast day sacred to the observance of practical jokes.

It must be explained just here that Bud was a born joker, having a sense of humor which might truly be called "saving" from the fact that he invariably practiced it at other people's expense. On this particular morning, for instance, literally no pains had been spared.

The day was still young, the hour being 8 a. m., but already in order to celebrate it properly old Miss Skipworth, a fellow boarder, had been operated upon with most satisfactory results.

Miss Skipworth hated traveling and had a cat-like horror of rain. And it was a rainy morning. She had also been overheard referring to Bud as "an empty-headed young idler."

Therefore an imperative telegram from her lawyer had just arrived, summoning her to New York on "urgent business." And even as the author of it sat by his cozy sitting-room fire, he could hear from the next room the sounds of excited feminine bustle, and a shrill voice issuing unintelligible directions.

From time to time other tones chimed in, too, at which Bud looked a little pensive; for that second voice belonged to Miss Skipworth's niece and his own best girl—the sole reason, in fact, why he at twenty-one, with a fortune and an automobile, was wasting both at a suburban family hotel instead of disposing them at Newport or at Palm Beach.

The thought of Phylis Folsom, on this special morning, however, was not entirely welcome, as it reminded Bennington of some one else in the house, and he became suddenly, irritably conscious of noises coming from the veranda underneath his room.

"There's that Pomeroy now!" he mused disgustedly. "Tramping about and mooning up at her window, as usual. Oh the unutterable fool! Just because Phylis is kind enough to notice him occasionally, when I'm not 'round, he has the brass to fall in love with her! Or rather—satirically—"he hasn't the brass, with only a miserable L. W. business to depend upon."

Mr. Bennington stretched himself luxuriously in his silk-lined dressing-gown and continued his reflection. "I suppose the truth is, Phylis is sorry for Pomeroy. . . . Well, who wouldn't be? . . . What a life! Every day hard at work in the city—grinding away half the night over his lawbooks! Gee! I wonder what the poor devil would do if some one left him a fortune—or a fake fortune! Jimminy crickets! How's that for an April fool?"

Pulling a piece of paper toward him, he selected a pen with care and began to write:

New York, April 1.

My Dear Sir:  
I have just deposited to your credit at the Fifth Avenue bank of this city the sum of \$2,500, the amount, with interest at 6 per cent, of a loan made to me by your father ten years ago. I regret very much that I was unable to repay it during his lifetime, but am only just in condition to discharge an obligation which has laid very heavily on my mind.

Believe me, with sincere regards,

Very truly yours,

Douglas Wallace.

Pursing his lips thoughtfully, he now proceeded to forge a check, and then, crumpling the letter with its enclosure into a business envelope, turned the latter over in order to write on its back in tiny letters two meaningful words appropriate to the season.

"Perhaps he'll see them when he doesn't find the money at the bank," Bennington surmised, with a grim chuckle, "and then won't he be ripping!"

He was still hard at work five minutes later when a knock at the door made him start guiltily. But it was only one of the numerous "Buttons" in the house, bearing a steaming, smoking, breakfast-tray. Bennington halted both jubilantly. "Got a job for you, Sam," he announced. Now listen, my boy."

Wheeling around, he dropped his voice in a few whispered directions. There was the clink of coin followed by the gleam of African teeth, and a fervent "Tank ye, sah. Trust me, sah!"

Gazing anxiously at the dining-room door, Bennington saw it open suddenly. "Dear me!" cried a familiar high-pitched voice. "Here's the trap already! Phylis, dear, just get my bag; hurry."

"Ah, there's Pomeroy!" He glanced down at a tall young man putting on his hat in the hall, and then drew back, with an irresistible chuckle, as the form of Sam appeared solemnly in the doorway holding out an envelope, with these portentous words, "Special-deliberate let-tah, sah!"

Pomeroy took it. So far, so good!

There was the crisp rending of paper, followed by silence.

At last some one looked in through the front door, a girlish figure in a white duck suit. "I hope you haven't any bad news, Mr. Pomeroy?" asked a voice that made Bennington start

Pomeroy started too. "No, indeed, Miss Phylis," he stammered; "but I—I don't think I'll go to town today. You see—"

Bennington was completing a lengthy toilet an hour later, when something—a mysterious, prophetic something—made him glance out of his front window, through which the April sun was now shining effulgently. Its beams lay in golden shafts over the shaven lawn, and across it, from the direction of the hotel, could be seen strolling leisurely a man and a girl! There was no mistaking them. Pomeroy had stolen a march on Bennington, or—what was worse—a walk with Phylis.

The rest of the morning seemed interminable to Bennington. It had cleared off beautifully, after all, with a turquoise sky above, and under foot a hard earthiness that positively cried for motoring. But Bennington's machine stood neglected in the garage, while its owner tramped moodily up and down the hotel piazza smoking frequent cigars and wondering when that couple would return. They had not come back by luncheon, which meal Bud devoured hastily, stationing himself immediately afterward in his first front window, where with an impatience which turned gradually into positive alarm, he sat scanning the drive as the minutes rolled by.

What had happened? What could have become of them?

At 3 o'clock a distant whistle proclaimed the New York train, and some minutes later the hotel bus drew up in front of the door, depositing Miss Skipworth, not to mention her umbrella, waterproof, valise, and sundry parcels.

"Such a nice day as I've had!" she announced cheerfully to a little group assembled on the hotel piazza. "Whom should I meet as I got out at the Grand Central station but my old friends, the Allertons, just in town for the day! We lunched together at the Waldorf and had a delightful talk. But, what do you think? Mr. Selfridge and his partner were both out of town and the office closed! Isn't it the most extraordinary thing about that telegram?"

"She's had a lovely time, however, thanks to it," thought Bennington, rather sadly. Somehow, although his jokes were brilliantly successful, they had not turned out quite to his satisfaction.

Grimly he watched a certain pair come into sight, a last along the drive, the girl swinging her hat, while the youth ambled beside her with a jauntiness that struck Bennington as positively asinine. Listening anxiously he heard them come into the house, and a moment later steps ascended the stairs and stopped at Bennington's door.

"May I come in?" inquired a masculine voice. And without waiting for permission Pomeroy entered the room—a beaming, glorified, altogether incomprehensible Pomeroy.

"Hello!" he said, grinning idiotically, "haven't seen you before today?" Here, quite unnecessarily, he strode across and shook Bennington warmly by the hand. "Well, old boy—"

The reserved, diffident Pomeroy calling any one "old boy!"

"Fork out your congratulations—every one of 'em. She accepted me. I tell you, man, Phylis has accepted me!"

What else he said in his exuberant frenzy the stricken Bennington could not quite take in. There was a good deal about Miss Folsom's angelic characteristics, Pomeroy's own incredible good fortune, and then a confidential outpouring on the subject of an unexpected couple of thousand that had drifted in that morning—the very capital he had "wanted for so long in order to get into Green & Waldrop's real estate office."

"And, do you know, Bud," Pomeroy volunteered huskily, as he at length verged toward the door, "if it hadn't been for that blessed money coming, I don't believe I'd ever have had the courage to propose. It just made everything possible."

Oddly enough, it was these last words that settled Pomeroy's fate, up to that time hanging on the balance of his listener's distracted mind.

For a moment after the door closed on his happy, unconscious victim, Bennington stood struggling fiercely with the resolution that was gaining possession of him.

Then, squaring his shoulders determinedly, "Yes," he said, between his teeth, "It's the only thing to do now—the only thing, for a gentleman to do."

And, seating himself at his writing desk, Pomeroy's involuntary benefactor, with a few strokes of the pen, converted an April Fool's Paradise into a tangible bank account.

## New Plastic Material.

A new plastic material that can be put to many uses in the arts is made by melting glue or gelatin on a water-bath at a temperature slightly below the boiling point of water. When the glue is liquid a decoction of hop flowers in dilute oxalic acid is added, and the impurities are allowed to settle. The liquid is then poured into carefully leveled shallow molds, and allowed to dry in the air, forming thin plates. It can be dyed any color desired, after which it is treated in a bath consisting of a mixture of formaldehyde, alcohol, tannic acid, glycerine and water. This hardens the glue, renders it insoluble in water, yet leaves it quite plastic.

## Developing a Theorist.

"Jud Tunkins says he's a scientific farmer."

"Yep," returned Farmer Cornmeal. "Jud has got so scientific he'd rather put in all his time attending lectures than run a cultivator."